For Infants and Children

**Mothers** Know That

**Genuine Castoria** 

Always

Bears the

Signature

## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

4-Woods School, Stafford Springs: Ruth Fielding at Sunrise Farm.

5-Martin Delinsky, of Bozrahville: The Submarine Boys and the Middles

6-Agnes M. Brown of Yantic: Madge Morton's Victory. 7-Carrie A. Pratt of Pemfret Center: Madge Morton's Twist.

8—Edward Marra of Bosrahville: Tom Swift and His Big Tunnel.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Blanche Lucier, of Taftville: I have

which you sent us last week. For some time the children have been in-terested in writing stories out of their

own experiences, and in seeing these stories printed in The Bulletin Wide-Awake Circle. These two books will make the beginning of our school li-

brary, and we wish to express our sincerest appreciation of your kind-

AWAKES.

who loved flowers he looked eagerly for new ones, for not all the early spring flowers were out yet. There were bluets, early everlasting violets

The first patient whom the doctor

The girl smiled softly. "I almost

so she could not be with her daughter

together slowly.
"My body feels wilted, too," said the

Mary's Picnic.

Mary was sulky. Most everybody in town had had a picnic except her-self. She thought she would go ask

Her mother said, "Why not have a picnic and the children that are going to it come over here and make their own lunch."

"All right," said Mary.
She invited five girls, herself making six. Saturday they were all in the big kitchen at Mary's house making their lunch. At ten o'clock they start-

"'Why, here's Lottie Smith, just come back! Child, I want you to see something we have in the shed.'

got as far as the gate, when Joe man me and said:
"Hello, Lottie Smith! You are just

"So I went back with him and he showed me five fat little kittens in a

by to Joe and started to come home by the back way. And Grandma Dun-ton met me going down the garden walk. She kissed me and said:

walk. She kissed me and said:

"How bright you look, my dear! I want you to see something at the house. Just come back a minute."

"So she took me back and showed me five sleepy little kittens in a cheese-box.

"After I looked at them I said good

from the sky last night,"

Pomfret Center.

WHAT LOTTIE SAW

Lottle Smith lives in the country.

She had been an errand at a neighbor's and she set down her basket on the floor as she came into the kitchen, where her mother was frying dough-

ber mother.

"Yes, I am pretty tired." said Lottie. But she added, smiling, "while I was gone, mamma, I saw twenty-five of the prettiest little kittens you ever "Then I started for home again are got as far as the gate, when Joe many and said:

"Really, mamma," said Lottie; "and twish you could see them, they are so pretty and cunning."

"Hello, Lottie Smith! You are just the girl I want to see. I want to show you something. Come back to the house a minute."

walk. She kissed me and said:

"Come out this way a minute. I want to show you something."

"So, she took me into the woodshed ind there, in an old cheesebox, were ive lovely little kittens. After I had seen them long enough, I started for tome, and Willie met me just by the wall, and said:

"Oh, Lottie! Come back just a ninute. I want to show you somehing."

"So he took me in at the back shed"

"How bright you look, my dear! I want you to see something at the house. Just come back a minute."

"So she took me back a minute."

"So she took me back a minute."

"So she took me back and showed me five sleepy little kittens in a cheese-box.

"And, now, mamma," said Lottle, smilling triumphantly, "didn't I see twenty-five little kittens?"

Her mamma's eyes twinkled and she said:

"It looks a good deal as if you did."

"Philadelphia Enquires."

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story. story.
Address all communications to Uncle
Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are Be that!
Whatever you say Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

Talking in Their Sleep. "You think I am dead,"

The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show Because I stoop And my branches droop And the dull gray mos But I'm still in trunk and shoot; The buds of next May

I fold away— But I pity the withered grass at my

"You think I am dead." The quick grass said, "Because I have parted with stem and blade.

But under the ground,
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over
me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the snow's of the year ould the spring of the year, Come dancing here, But I pity the flowers without branch or root."

"You think I am dead." A soft voice said, Because not a branch or root I own! never have died,

But close I hide. In a plumy seed that the wind has Patient I wait thro' the long winter ness. hours, STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-

You will see me again— I shall laugh at you then, Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers." Edith M. Thomas.

Zoological Tommy.

When Tommy's good, I often hear His mamma call him little DEER. But when he has a cold, of course, He sometimes is a little HORSE! And oftentimes quite sure I am He is a precious little LAMB. While then, again without excuse, He proves to be a silly GOOSE. Alas! It grieves me this to tell, But I have sometimes seen quite well Greedy Tim, with mouthful big, Turn into a little P I G! —McCall's Magazine.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE. AWAKES.

Now that you are out of doors and catching all the sounds in field and wood it may be well to call your attention to the difference in ears and in the ability of learned people to put sounds into words.

The quail is called Bob White because he is thought to say that; but others hear him call: "More wet!" and accepting him as a weather prophet peace. will tell you upon hearing him that it is going to rain.

robin among the apple bloscoms. He is said to be saying to his mate: "I wish it would go back again and take me, too," she answered. All day long the girl lay with the flower in her hand. Her mother was a busy woman who took in washing love you! I love you!" but one distinguished bird-lover says he simply sings: "Tu-wee-ee! tu-wee-ee!"

The bobolink in northern Massachusetts is supposed to say in his song: "Bobolink, quee-rink, quee-rink, down in old Short's lane stealing barley-o! harley-of but in southern New England he says "Chink! chink!"

The phoebe bird in southern New England is so-called because he calls "Phoebe! Phoebe!" but in northern New England he is called the pewee, because he is supposed to call "Pewee! pewee!"

We hear the whip-poor-will repeating his name, but the Indians called this bird: "gahgo-mee-nuck" because that is what he seemed to say to him. You hear the rooster every morning calling: "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" but the German hears him saying: "Ki-ke-ri-

say: "Co-ca-ri-co!" The sounds which seem musical to some ears appear to others to be harsh and unpleasant.

ki!" and to French ears he seems to

Some people do not hear the song of the brooks, or the roaring and whispering of the trees, or the weird whispering of the trees, or the weird
They walked quite far, chattering
recitations of the pine, while others
and picking flowers. At last they
catch the orchestral sounds of the
came to a pond in some woods. They

woods and the waters.

But pay attention to the sounds of nature and let her delight you by decided to eat something there.

They started eating when one girl, sitting next to the pond, fell in.

They pulled her out, put her in the

nuts.
"Well, daughter, are you tired?" said

"Twenty-five kittens are a great many, little daughter," said her moth-ir, gravely. "Where did you see hem?"

"Over at Mrs. Dunton's,' where I went to buy the eggs, and now, mamna, I'll tell you all about it. After Mrs. Dunton had put the eggs in my

soon was dry.

The girls picked flowers and played games and then they went home.

When they were walking home they said it was a fine picnic, even if one did fall in the pond.

Mary was heavy because her picnic. Mary was happy because her picule vas a success. She was also glad as a success. She was also glashe had a picnic.

HELEN LOWENBERGER, Age 9.

what you hear and whatever you may The North Ashford Postoffice.

un with a tablecloth around her. She

The North Ashford postoffice is sit-uated near the center of the village. The postoffice is bounded on the north by a large farm owned by A. G. Morse, on the east by a large woodlot 1—Frank Kowats, of Stafford Springs: The Motor Boat Club Off Long Island. Morse, on the east by a large woodlot owned by George Upham, the owner of the postoffice and buildings, on the south by a medium sized farm owned by Mrs. Hattle Morse, and on the west by the pastor's home and farm on the main road. 2-John Hegan, of Putnam: The Pony Rider Boys in the Ozarks. 3-Louise Kennedy of Moosup: The Camp Fire Girls' Careers.

It is surrounded on the southwest side by a few large maple trees.

The postoffice, house and shed are all attached together and painted white with a slate roof.

with a slate roof.
On the west main side of the building there are three doors and seven windows. On the south side is an old-fashioned door which once was the front door of the old tavern, as it was called by Mr. Keyes, over fifty years

on the southeast side is a large red barn owned by the owner of the post-office. He owns a great many cattle, colts and hogs.

As you enter the postoffice room you read the prize story book you sent me and think it is very nice. I hope the other Wide-Awakes like their story

Blanche Lucier, of Tattville: I have read the prize story book you sent me and think it is very nice. I hope the other Wide-Awakes like their story books as well as I do. Hoping to receive another book, I thank you.

Edith W. Hathaway of Bozrahville: I received the prize book entitled The Automobile Girls Along the Hudson. I have read some of it and like it very much. I think you for it.

Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs: Thank you ever so much for the nice prize book you sent me. I am very much pleased with it and think it is an interesting story.

Ethel M. Davis, teacher Woods School, Stafford Springs: In behalf of the children of the Woods school, I wish to thank you for the two books which you sent us last week. For some time the postoffice room you catch a glmpse of a medium sized stove, a candy case with a glass cover, a general merchandise case, also with a glass cover, and the United States mail and business corner.

The room is rather narrower than broad and contains many articles for sale on shelves all along the walls. In this store is sold dry goods, shoes, The owner of this building is George Upham. He and his wife and child occupy it.

His child's name is Herbert Upham. He is seven years old and goes to my school in North Ashford. He is a very smart little fellow and has a pet buildog which is very gentle and whose name is Stub Upham.

North Ashford.

North Ashford.

Laziest of All Birds. The laziest of all birds is the "frogmouth." He sleeps all day, and in-stead of flying about in search of food he sits still on a limb and literally waits for the insects to come and feed him. He is such a sound sleeper that one can knock him off his perch with a club and he'll not wake up. He in-habits the islands of the Indian ocean

AWAKES.

The Mission of the Star Flower.

The sun looked down on the hillside and smiled. It was a strong, potent smile and its warmth reached the heart of the street strong to the street strange of the street stre smile and its warmth reached the heart of the star flower. And because the heart of the little flower was touched by the sun's warmth ft began to open, unfolding its petals slowly, till finally it was blooming, a perfect flower, among the green grass and the other flowers.

The Doctor, having finished his breakfast, took a short walk out on the hillside before making his daily rounds to his patients. Being a man who loved flowers he looked eagerly

to fly for his food, he crawls along the limb of a tree, opening his wide mouth and snapping it shut, catching what flies and gnats come within his range. At night he is found perched with his mate on the roofs of houses, on fences or stumps. Only after the sun goes down does he show any inclination to move about. All day he sits, feet glued to the limb of a gum tree, indifferent to rain, tropical sun or call of the woods.

One species of frogmouth has tufts of hair rising from the top of his head like ears.
I hope the Wide-Awakes are having and five fingers, and, among them, one little star-flower. He stooped over and picked it, placing it in his button-

A Pappose

visited was a young cripple—a girl whose lot it had been to lie on the bed, An Indian baby is called a papoose and it is strapped to a board most of patient and suffering, for the last four years. Before that time she had been The bo patient and suffering, for the last four years. Before that time she had been as active as any other girl and, though the lesson of pain and misfortune had been hard, she had learned it well and the learning had brought a strange peace.

The board that he is strapped to is fastened to his mother's back when she wishes to carry him. He is wrapped in a blanket and has no hat on, so the sun shines down on his little red face and makes him blink his tiny the furnishings of the room.

Sold of the time.

recepting him as a weather prophet peace.

The crippled girl noticed the star-flower and thought it very beautiful. So the doctor gave it to her, saying:

You will see and hear the golden "It is a star that wandered down here"

The crippled girl noticed the star-flower and thought it very beautiful. So the doctor gave it to her, saying:

"It is a star that wandered down here"

The crippled girl noticed the star-flower and makes him blink his tiny eyes.

When he cries his mother shakes the board up and down, instead of rocking him. After a while she hangs the board to a bough of a tree or stands it against it, while she cooks the supper, which consists chiefly of venison and a few scanty vegetables. When the supper is ready then the baby will clap his hands with glee, as in Indian fashion, and will crow in a

furny language.

The motto of an Indian is: "Eat much. For awhile the flower remained fresh and blooming, but gradually it began to wilt and its petals closed when there's plenty."

BLANCHE LUCIER, Age 14. Taftville.

Peter's Declamation.

girl, "but my soul does not." She closed her eyes and became very still. Even as the sun that morning had touched the heart of the flower, mak-A friend of mine, Peter by name, had selected for his speech that ex-tract from Patrick Henry's famous ing it bloom sweet and beautiful, so God had touched and called the soul of the little girl setting it, white and oration which begins with the words: "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of chastened by long suffering, free from the worn-out body. CARRIE A. PRATT. experience."

Peter confidently mounted the ros trum; but although he had quietly memorized his piece in his own room, he had not accustomed his ears to his own voice in declamation. He shouted

from the stage: "I have but one lamp—lamp—lamp," and he could get no further. His speech had gone from his memory. He passed his left hand across his forehead in a vain effort to recall it, while with his right he pulled at his rousers as if he thought it might have slipped into his pocket; but it came not. Then he began again:
"I have but one lamp—lamp—lamp,"
and, to the amusement of the school,

said: "Come down, Peter, your lamp ALMA ZELZ. What the Birds Taught Sydney.

"Sydney," called his mother, "the wood box is empty, and I need a pail wood box is empty, and I need a pan of water."

Sydney got the wood and water, grumbling all of the time. "I have to work all the time," he said.

He then went into the orchard and lay down under an apple tree.

As he was watching the birds he saw two birds building a nest in an apple tree. He saw how busy they were and he saw the things they were getting to build their nest of. getting to build their nest of.

If such little birds work so hard a big boys like me can do more work than the little birds can do. I am going to try to beat the birds, not let

the birds beat me.
ANNIE RABINOWITZ.

well. I caught twelve in about two hours. They were not very large, Some of them were catfish, bull heads I went fishing many times after that

I would not bait the hook or take the fish off it, otherwise everything was a great pleasure to me.
RUTH HOLT, Age 14.

A Fishing Trip. "Ned," shouted Harold from the "Ned," shouted Harold from the doorway to a boy who was feeding some chickens, "isn't this just the nicest day to go fishing? I've got a whole lot of bait dug so quick. Do you think you can go?"

"Just a minute, till I get the chickens fed and the wood brought in, will you? I think I can go then. Won't we have a jolly time, though?"

How quick Harold's work was done that morning! His mother knew that something was in the wind and she was not at all surprised when he an-

Ished for three hours, but had caught nothing except two minnows. They were so busy with their fishing that they didn't notice the dark clouds that had gathered. Soon they heard a crash of thunder that shook the earth so violently that Ned and Harold felt their hearts give a sudden jump. The boys, knowing that a terrible storm was coming, at ones started for home. Before they were half way there the rain came down in torrents. You should have seen them when they reached home! Their clothing was wet through and clung to their very wet skins. Their hair was stringing down over their foreheads as though it were glued there.

Their day of fishing was over, and they were the proud possessors of two tiny minnows.

EDITH BAKER, Age 16.

Pomfret Center.

The Bumble Bee.

in the hive. You have eaten their beautiful white

You have eaten their beautiful white comb, which is often made of the little white clover you tread underfoot in summer walks.

Even the honey bee can make better honey from some flowers than others; but it is all good enough, we think.

EDWARD MARRA, Age 3.

Grandfather's Birthplace.

At the end of a broad, grassy lane leading from the main road stands a gray, weatherbeaten house with low, projecting eaves and wide stone chimney, from which curis a column of blue smoke. Each window on the side of the house is shaded by illac bushes and between these is a massive oaken door with wooden latch and heavy iron

knocker.

Enclosed by a picket fence, bloom many varieties of oid-fashioned flowers: stately hollyhocks, spicy pinks, vari-colored phlox and more gorgeous than all, quantities of golden yellow maximals. marigolds.

Standing near a giant maple tree a moss-grown well curb with ancient sweep, and further away on a slope are sunny fields and rocky pastures. Inside the house are two large rooms whose broad windows have panes and deep window seats. open fireplace, brass andirons and tongs and a high-backed settle occupy one side of the pleasant living room and on a shelf over the fireplace are odd brass candlesticks, glass vases and pewter dishes, all relics of former generations.

In one corner near a window stands time-worn grandfather's clock; in another corner great-grandmother's spinning wheel, while bright colored, hand-made rugs cover the floor. Many dishes line the shelves of a spacious cupboard,
Two rush-bottomed chairs, an old-

Stafford Springs.

The Best Nuts.

One morning Harold stopped for Charlie, his particular friend, on his way to school, and they stopped at what Harold called the hot peanut North man's to spend his nickel. "I think peanuts are the best nuts in the world," said Harold as they walk-

ed along, eating. "Butternuts are good, too," said Charlie, "and walnuts. But, I tell you what, Harold, I've just been out to Grandma's farm and doughnuts are the "That's so," said Harold, "'specially if she gives you a great big handful,

"She always does," said Charlie,
"and she never minds how many you
eat, and there isn't a shell on 'em, and
they're big and fat." "Just like a grandma," said Harold. EDWARD LUCIER, Age 11.

Taftville.

The Origin of the Rat. Of all the animals of the earth, the rat is the most useless, destructive and

dangerous to health.

Their origin seems to be little known beyond the point that they belong to the class of animals larger than the mounts. than the mouse. The brown (or Norway) rat made its

appearance in Europe about 1727, was brought to America about 1775. The most common rats are the brown rat, the black pat and the roof rat. Rats feed on all kinds of animals and vegetable matter. They make their home in fields, hedge rows, river-banks, stone walls and all kinds of buildings.

They destroy furs, laces, silks, car-

pets, leather goods and groceries.
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

A Trip on the Water. One Saturday night last summer we met some friends. They asked us to go with them to the drawbridge, the next day. So next morning we started off about 8 o'clock. When we came to the place where we were supposed to leave, our friends were there. So we got in the boat, and started off.

When we got down by the Thermos mill we went against the rocks. We tried, and tried, to get off but couldn't. We each had poles and oars, and pushed. Finally we got off and started on ed. Finally we got off and started on

Last summer while on my vacation along the St. Lawrence I went fishing for the first time in my life.

The day was cloudy and the fish bit well. I caught twelve in about the state of the would never ride in that launch again. ALBERT LEFFINGWELL, Age 8. Norwich.

My Stroll in the Woods.

One hot summer day I took a walk the woods. As the trees were shady I lay down to rest. As I was watching the birds in the treetops, I heard a noise and, looking down, I saw a woodchuck chasing a rabbit. As I saw this I took a stick and hit the woodchuck across the back. He ran away to his hole.

Then I went to look after the rab

Great Northwest. For hundreds of miles there are dense forests scarcely trod by men, where wild animals live undisturbed, such as the grizzly bear, elk, moose and the fierce pums, and many other animals.

Through this region run the Rocky Mountains extending far north to Alaska; upon its ridges are enormous trees as the Oregon pine and the giant red-wood, all over two hundred feet in height. The scenery is beautiful, the snow-capped peaks, and the falls and cataracts equaling those in Switzerland.

falls and cataracts equaling those in Switzerland.

The soil is fertile and already many people have settled in the valleys.

Gold is found in abundance and many miners prospect in the hills and river banks; trapping is also an important industry, in which many hunters make small fortunes bringing in the fur of the mink, beaver, mushrat, lynx and other fur-bearing animals.

BSTHER HYMAN, Age 12. ESTHER HYMAN, Age 12.

The Sumble Sec.

This busy fellow goes from flower to flower, poking his head into one, and then into another, and sometimes the flower is so large that it hides him out of sight. He stops his buzzing while he is getting his meal.

Some flowers are so small that he can't get his head in at all to reach the honey, but he won't give it up. So he pushes and pushes until he splits it quite open. I am sorry to say that the bumble bee spoils a great many flowers in his way.

Sometimes he gets the honey from the outside, just at the bottom of the cup of the flower.

It is a very funny sight to see two bumble bees on one stalk, one visiting the inside of all of them, while the other takes the outside. Another curious thing, too, is that if they begin with a certain kind of flower they will go to no other for their honey on that trip out. If they start again they may try something else.

The bumble bee does not make the same pretty comb nor the good honey that the honey bee does, who always gathers as much as he can carry to use in the hive.

You have eaten their beautiful white

How to Enjoy a Winter Evening By The Fire.

enjoy a winter evning my idea When you are all seated around the When you are all seated around the fire which is burning with a comfortable glow, ask father to tell that story about the bow-legged ghost. This is of course followed by more weird and fascinating ones about all manners of ghosts. You feel creeps, and little shivers sliding down your spine, and you glance fearfully into the dark corners of the room.

After a time some one suggests popping corn, and this banishes all featfor a time.

for a time. Soon bed-time comes. are in bed and all lights out, ghostly figures seem to be coming from the dark corners and you hide your head under the bed clothes, and wake up to find the morning light coming in

at the window ALICE F. BURRILL. Stafford Springs.

The Wise Dog.

One night a farmer was riding in a lane. He heard his own dog bark ing, and stopped his horse to see what was the matter. On a big stone was his daughter She and come from the house to the meadow. She had lost her way and

The man took the girl home. The dog walked between the girl and holto keep her from falling in. Wasn't he a wise dog?

DOROTHY WHITEHOUSE, Age 10.

Mt. Hope. was crying.

The Black Kitten. When we lived in Maine we had a black, shaggy kitten that was a lit-le imp. The cat would do lots of

When a certain boy came in When a certain boy came in the house he would keep on his cap, but the cat would spring from the floor and stand on the boy's head.

He would chase the chickens, but, by and by, the chickens grew bigger and he would not chase them any more because they would pick him. He was like a watchdog an would chase the neighbors' hen

North Ashford.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. Bread Fruit.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about bread fruit. The most important food of the tropical islands in the Pacific ocean is bread fruit. The tree attains a moderate height, has very large, glossy leaves, the male flowers in a dense head, which by consolidation of their fleshy carpels and recentacles form the fruit tree and left varieties. Other inscriptions and marks, such as the cross are almost which by consolidation of their fleshy carpels and receptacles form the fruit. The fruit is globular in shape, and about the size of a melon, with a tuberculated or (in some varieties) nearly smooth surface.

Many varieties of the tree are cultivated, the fruits of some ripening numerous seeds.

Many varieties of the tree are cultivated, the fruits of some ripening numerous seeds, which are eaten as chestnuts; but in the best kinds the seeds are aborted, and it is only these that are highly prized as vegetables. The tree is a native of South Sea Islands, where its fruit occupies the important position that is held by cereals in temperate latitudes.

The fruit, which on distinct varieties ripens at different periods, affording a nearly constant supply throughout the year, is gathered for the from at different periods, as fording a nearly constant supply throughout the year, is gathered for use just before it ripens, when it is found to be gorged with starchy matfound to be gorged with starchy matfound to be gorged with starchy matfound its found in them.

The first throughout the removed marryrs to be removed the churches.

Art found its way into the catacombs at an early period, and many remains of frescoes are still found in them.

LOUISE KENNEDY, Age 14.

Her List of Wild Flowers. Dear Uncle Jed: I am keeping a flower list, as last year. I put down the name of the flower, its Latin name and the date I found it. and the date I found it.

A few of the flowers are robin's plantain, high huckleberry, shad bush, sugar maple, dandelion, jack-in-the-pulpit, early yellow crowfoot, fly honeysuckle, wild strawberry, early saxifrage, wake-robin, ground-nut, shepherd's purse, anemone and golden saxifrage.

frage.

I have thirty-nine on my list.
I only write the names of wild flowers.

Two flower books which we have are How to Know the Wild Flowers, by Mrs. William Starr Dana, and Field Book of American Wild Flowers, by F. Schuyler Matthews,

A book which I got Christmas is Familiar Features of the Roadside, also by F. Schuyler Matthews. I like it very much. t very much. F. Hamilton Gibson's Sharp Eyes and Eye Spy are very good.

How many Wide-Awakes are interested in wild flowers?

BLIZABETH PARKER, Age 14.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have a pet cat. She is gray and white. Her name is Babe. I love her, for she is my only pet. She is very old now, for I have pet. She is very old now, for I have had her six or seven years.

Babe has three cunning little baby kittens now. They are very small, as she has only had them a week.

Babe is a fine ratter. If she was in a wood near by and heard me talking she would come to me.

BLANCHE WHEELER, Age 10.

Norwich Town.

NOT NARCOTIC. Print of the Desired To Use ness and Loss of SLEEP PacSimile Signature of Chat H That the Thirty Years THE CENTAUR COMPARK, NEW YORK. At6 months old 35 Doses -35 CENTS Exact Copy of Wrapper.

and some pans and dishes and a table, and I made some pies and cakes of I help my mother around the house. I do dishes and set the table and sweep

900 Drop

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
AVegetable Preparation finds

Promotes Digestion Guestia

the floor. Sometimes I wash the floor. I have got a little sister. Her name is Doris.
ZILLAH MARRIOTT, Age 11.

The Catacombs. Dear Uncle Jed: Catacombs are subterraneous chambers and pass-ages generally formed in a rock, which is soft and easily excavated. Catacombs are to be found in almost every country where such focks exist, and, in most cases, probably originated in mere quarries, which afterward came to be used as either burial places for the dead, or hiding places for the living.

The most celebrated catacombs in existence, and those which are generally understood when catacombs ar spoken of are those on the Vica Appla, a short distance from Rome. To these dreary crypts the ea To these dreary crypts the early Christians were in the habit of rechristians were in the habit of re-tiring in order to celebrate their new worship in times of persecution, and in them were buried many of the saints and martyrs of the primitive church. They consist of long, nar-row galleries, usually about eight feet high and five feet wide, which twist and turn in all directions, very much recembling mines

The graves were constructed by hallowing out a portion of the rock, at the side of the gallery large enough to contain the body. The entrance was then built up with stones, on which usually the letters D. M. (Deo Maximo), or X. P., the first two letters of the Greek name of Christ, were inscribed. Other inscriptions and marks, such as the cross are also found.

Putnam.

The Fun We Had in Swimming. Dear Uncle Jed: I'm so glad tha summer has come. I like to go swimming because it is great fun!
One day my friend and I went swimming. A girl let us take her wings I swam a little with the wings, and I got a full mouth of water. I soon became tired, so I sat down on the sand and then went into the water again.

we had so much fun bathing.

My friend can swim very well. I can swim a little.

A boy swam to the island and got some lilies. Then he swam to the shore again.

bathed a little and then wen out and soon dressed ourselves. ESTHER RESMICK, Age 8.

My Garden. Dear Uncle Jeds I am going to tell you about my garden. It is 4x6 feet long and I have planted corn, peas., beans, lettice and some nice In the other part I have plated ow

ers, such as pansies, Iflies, daffodils ribbon grass, four o'clocks, rose bushes, violets and some golder globe. They are all coming up good. planted twenty-five four o'cocks and twenty-five came up. They are

very pretty.

The ribbon grass is very pretty. is white and green.

I wish more Wide-Awakes would write about their gardens.

CATHERINE C. HAYES, Age 10.

that morning! His mother knew that something was in the wind and she was not at all surprised when he announced the fact that he was going fishing.

The Great Northwest,

Extending from the northwest part of our country in Oragon and Washing.

Extending from the northwest part of our country in Oragon and Washing.

Dear Uncle Jed: Early in the morning! Age 10.

She Made a Play House.

Dear Uncle Jed: Monday there with me and started off. When I reached the brook I baited my hook fighting and fire up into Canada is a wasn't any school, so I made a play house. I made it under a shady tree.

a hard jerk that it frightened me When I pulled it out I had a big trout kept going down the stream until caught thirteen. I was glad to catch so many the first time. FRANK M. KOWATS, Age 18. Stafford Springs.

The Gurleyville School. Dear Uncle Jed: I do not go school in Gurleyville because I living at Mansfield Center. The school house is a brick building with a library up stairs. It is a good place to get books on the subjects of the Civil War. There are ten vol-

we have sixteen pupils in our school.
We play games out of doors. We play games out of doors.

We are going to have a contest in agriculture, on throwing base balls and running.

Mr. Brundage wants me to take a

ball and throw it one hundred and fifty feet high. We play ball, so that will not be hard. Mr. Brundage asked us to do these

This al all, so good by.
WILBUR HOBBY. Mansfield Center.

## Skin Comfort for Sick People

No Bed Sores by use of



Here is proof and nurse's letter "For fifteen years in my work as a nurse I have used Sykes' Comfort Powder in the sick room with splendid rebed for three years, but by the use of this powder never had a bed sore. In all my work for skin irritation or sore-ness I insist upon the use of Sykes' Comfort Powder."—Mrs. T. A. Bacon,

Comfort Powder."—Mrs. T. A. Becon, Nurse, Lawrence, Mass.

Not a plain talcum powder, but a highly medicated preparation unequalled for nursery and sickroom uses, to heal and prevent chafing, itching, scalding, eczema, infants scaldhead, prickly heat, rashes, hives, bed-sores, and irritation caused by sruptive diseases and bandages.

Used after bathing children it keeps the skin healthy and free from soreness. skin healthy and free from soreness. At Drug and Dep't Stores, 25c.
THE COMFORT POWDER CO., Boston, Mass.

## Lightning **Bug Exterminator**

Sure and speedy death to Bed Bugs, Roaches, Water Bugs,

25c a can at

## **DUNN'S PHARMACY**

MISS M. C. ADLES HAIR, FACE, SCALP SPECIALIST As a Special MERCHANTS' WEEK ATTRACTION Miss Adles offers all Switches in stock at HALF PRICE— from \$2.00 up.

206 Main Street—Next to Chelsen Bank, Telephone 632-4.

DR.SHAHAN, Specialist on Diseases of the BLOOD AND STOMACH.

Rheumatism (including Neuritis), Skin Troubles, Bloody Sputum, Rundown Conditions, Premature Asing, Hardening of the Arteries. Culture treatment only for Blood diseases. Simple and reliable prevention of Typhoid, Rabies and Lockjaw.

Hours: 10-11 a. m.; 2-4 and 7-8 p. m. No outside visits, after 8 p. m.

F. C. GEER, Piano Tuner 122 Prospect Street, Norwich, Cons.